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THE

DISCOVERY:

OR,

The SQUIRE *turnd* FERRET.

An Excellent New

BALLAD.

To the TUNE of *High Boys! up go we; Chevy Chaſe*; Or what you pleaſe.

Heu me! per Urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
Fabula quanta fui! HOR.

The SECOND EDITION.

WESTMINSTER:

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To the TUNE of *High Boys! up go we*; *Chevy Chaſe*; Or what you pleaſe.

I.

MOST true it is, I dare to ſay,
E'er ſince the Days of *Eve*,
The weakeſt Woman ſometimes may
The wiſeſt Man deceive.

II.

For *D*[illegible]*nt* circumſpect, ſedate,
A *Machiavel* by Trade,
Arriv'd Expreſs, with News of Weight,
And thus, at Court, he ſaid.

III.

At *Godliman*, hard by the *Bull*,
A Woman, long thought barren,
Bears *Rabbits*, ----- Gad! ſo plentiful,
You'd take her for a Warren.

IV.

Theſe Eyes, quoth He, beheld them clear:
What, do ye doubt my View?
Behold this Narrative that's here;
Why, Zounds! and Blood! 'tis true.

V.

Some ſaid that *D---gl--s* ſent ſhould be,
Some talk'd of *W--lk--r*'s Merit,
But moſt held, in this Midwifery,
No Doctor like a FERRET.

VI.

But *M--l--n--x*, who heard this told,
(Right wary He and wiſe)
Cry'd ſagely, 'Tis not ſafe, I hold,
To truſt to *D----nt*'s Eyes.

VII. A

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clear:

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VII. A

VII.

A Vow to God He then did make
He would himſelf go down,
St. A--d--re too, the Scale to take
Of that *Phœnomenon.*

VIII.

He order'd then his Coach and Four;
(The Coach was quickly got 'em)
Reſolv'd this *Secret* to explore,
And ſearch it to the *Bottom.*

IX.

At *Godliman* they now arrive,
For Haſte they made exceeding;
As Courtiers ſhould, whene'er they ſtrive
To be inform'd of Breeding.

X.

The good Wife to the Surgeon ſent,
And ſaid to him, Good Neighbour,
'Tis pity that two Squires ſo Gent----
Should come and loſe their Labour.

XI.

The Surgeon with a *Rabbit* came,
But firſt in Pieces cut it;
Then ſlyly thruſt it up *that ſame,*
As far as Man could put it.

XII. Ye

XII.

(Ye *Guildford* Inn-keepers take heed
You dreſs not ſuch a *Rabbit*,
Ye Poult'rers eke, deſtroy the Breed,
'Tis ſo unſav'ry a-Bit.)

XIII.

But hold! ſays *Molly*, firſt let's try,
Now that her Legs are ope,
If ought within we may deſcry
By Help of Teleſcope.

XIV.

The Inſtrument himſelf did make,
He rais'd and level'd right,
But all about was ſo opake,
It could not aid his Sight.

XV.

On Tiptoe then the Squire he ſtood,
(But firſt He gave Her Money)
Then reach'd as high as e'er He cou'd,
And cry'd, I feel a CONY.

XVI.

Is it alive? *St. A--d--re* cry'd;
It is; I feel it ſtir.
Is it full grown? the Squire reply'd;
It is; ſee here's the FUR.

XVII. An

XVII.

And now two Legs *St. A--d--re* got,
And then came two Legs more;
Now fell the Head to *Molly*'s Lot,
And ſo the Work was o'er.

XVIII.

The Woman, thus being brought to Bed,
Said, to reward your Pains,
St. A--nd--re ſhall diſſect the Head,
And thou ſhalt have the Brains.

XIX.

He lap'd it in a Linnen Rag,
Then thank'd Her for Her Kindneſs;
And cram'd it in the Velvet Bag
That ſerves his R-----l H------

XX.

That Bag ---- which *Jenny*, wanton Slut,
Firſt brought to foul Diſgrace;
Stealing the Papers thence ſhe put
Veal-Cutlets in their Place.

XXI.

O! happy would it be, I ween,
Could they theſe *Rabbits* ſmother;
Molly had ne'er a Midwife been,
Nor ſhe a ſhameful Mother.

XXII. Why

XXII.

Why has the Proverb falſly ſaid
Better two Heads than one;
Could *Molly* hide this *Rabbit*'s Head,
He ſtill might ſhew his own.

F I N I S.